

# Strange Fruit

[Diana Ross](#)

Southern trees bear a strange fruit  
Blood on the leaves and blood at the roots  
Black bodies swingin' in the southern breeze  
Strange fruit hangin' from the poplar trees  
Pastoral scene of the gallant south  
The bulging eyes and twisted mouth  
Scent of magnolias sweet and fresh  
And the sudden smell of burning flesh  
Here is the fruit  
For the crows to pluck  
For the rain to gather  
For the wind to suck  
For the sun to rot  
For the tree to drop  
Here is a strange and bitter crop

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