

# Strange Fruit

UB40

Southern trees bearing a strange fruit  
Blood on the leaves and blood at the root  
Black bodies swinging in the southern breeze  
Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees  
Pastoral scene of the gallant south  
Bulging eyes and the twisted mouth  
Scent of magnolia sweet and fresh  
Then the sudden smell of burning flesh  
Here is a fruit for the crow to pluck  
For the rain to wither, for the wind to suck  
For the sun to rot, for the trees to drop  
Here is a strange and bitter crop, it's dead  
Pastoral scene of the gallant south  
Bulging eyes and the twisted mouth  
Scent of magnolia sweet and fresh  
Then the sudden smell of burning flesh  
Here is a fruit for the crow to pluck  
For the rain to wither, for the wind to suck  
For the sun to rot, for the trees to drop  
Here is a strange and bitter crop, it's dead

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