

# Strange Fruit

Mary Coughlan

Southern trees bear strange fruit  
Blood on the leaves and blood at the root  
Her black body's swinging in the southern breeze  
Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees  
Pastoral scene of the gallant south  
Of the bulging eyes and the twisted mouth  
Scent of magnolias, sweet and fresh  
And then the sudden smell of burning flesh  
Now here is your 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  
Now here is your strange and bitter crop  
Strange fruit

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