Strange Fruit

Beth Hart

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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