

# Strange Fruit

[Marcus Miller](#)

Southern trees bearin' strange fruit  
Blood on the leaves and blood at the roots  
Black bodies swinging in the southern breeze  
Strange fruit hangin' from the Poplar trees  
Pastoral scene of the gallant south  
Them big bulging eyes and the twisted mouth  
Scent of magnolia, clean and fresh  
Then the sudden smell of burnin' flesh  
Here is a fruit for the crows to pluck  
For the rain to gather, for the wind to suck  
For the sun to rot, for the leaves to drop  
Here is a strange and bitter crop

Songwriters

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