

# Strange Fruit

Nina Simone

Southern trees  
Bear 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  
Strange and bitter crop