

# Catherine Wheel, Strange Fruit

I've been inside this fruit when juices flow  
But the taste is just a memory you hold  
There is no real decay  
No feeling of the skin  
No juice  
Strange fruit, strange fruit, strange fruit  
It never lets that sun out  
Strange fruit  
This is sweet the soul the flesh I wish  
It's the liquid that I miss  
There is no real decay  
The flesh is barely bruised  
It's no use  
Strange fruit, strange fruit  
Sonic juice inside my head  
This fever is so concentrated  
Oh no what a shame...  
Climb the tree and shake this passion down  
But this fruit won't even kiss the ground  
There is no real decay  
The flesh is barely grazed  
There's no way  
Strange fruit, strange fruit, strange fruit