

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