

Nina Simone, Strange Fruit

Lewis Allen, Sonny White

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

As singed by Billie Holiday

Southern trees bear strange fruit,

Blood on the leaves and blood at the root,

Black bodies swinging in the southern breeze,

Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees.

Pastoral scene of the gallant south,

The bulging eyes and the twisted mouth,

Scent of magnolias, sweet and fresh,

Then the sudden smell of burning flesh.

Here is fruit for the crows to pluck,

For the rain to gather, for the wind to suck,

For the sun to rot, for the trees to drop,

Here is a strange and bitter cry.