

# Robert Wyatt, Strange Fruit

The Southern trees bear a strange fruit  
Blood on the leaves, and blood at the roots  
Black bodies swinging in the Southern breeze  
Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees

Pastoral scene of the &#039;Gallant South&#039;  
The bulging eyes and the twisted mouth  
Scent of magnolia, sweet and fresh  
Then the sudden smell of burning 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 tree to drop  
Here is a strange and bitter crop...