

Strange Fruit

Robert Wyatt

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 Gallant South
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...