Strange Fruit

Strange Fruit
(Billie Holiday and Lewis Allen)

Southern trees bear a 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.
Oh----- Oh:-----

Pastoral scene of the gallant South
The bulging eyes and the twisted mouth
Scent of magnolia sweet and fresh
And 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 trees to drop
Oh, ----- here is a strange and bitter --- crop.
Oh, --- here is a strange and bitter crop.

Note: I've seen the attribution to Ms. Holiday alone, to Mr. Allen alone and to both together. RG
SW