

Talisman A Cappella "Strange Fruit"

Visit "[Strange Fruit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Solo)

Southern Trees, there are strange fruit,
Blood on the leaves, and Blood at the root,
Black bodies swingin' in the southern breeze,
Strange Fruit hanging from the poplar trees,

(Tutti)

Southern Trees, there are strange fruit,
Blood on the leaves, and Blood at the root,
Black bodies swingin' in the southern breeze,
Strange Fruit hanging from the poplar trees,

Pastoral scene in the gallant south,
Bulging eyes and the twisted mouth,
Scent of Magnolia, so clean and fresh,
And the sun, it smells of burning flesh,

Here is the 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 lies a strange and bitter crop...

Southern Breeze (echoes)...

Visit [Talisman A Cappella](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.