

Sting & Police

"Strange Fruit"

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Words and music by Lewis Allen

Southern trees bear a strange fruit
Blood on the leaves, blood at the root
Black bodies swinging in the southern breeze
Strange fruit hanging from the poplar tree.

Pastoral scene of the gallant South
The bulging eyes, and the twisted mouth
Scent of magnolia, cool and fresh
And the smell of the 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 a tree to drop
Here is a strange and bitter crop.

So strange
So strange

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