

Nina Simone - Strange Fruit

Tom: C

(Bm Em)

Southern trees
 Bear strange fruit
 Blood on the leaves
 And blood at the roots
 Black bodies
 Swinging in the southern breeze
 Strange fruit hangin'
 From the poplar trees
 Pastoral scene
 Of the gallant south

Them big bulging eyes
 And the twisted mouth
 Scent of magnolia
 Clean and fresh
 Then the sudden smell
 Of burnin' 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 leaves to drop
 Here is
 Strange and bitter crop

Acordes

