

**Strange Fruit**  
**Billie Holiday**

[Verse 1]

<b>Cm</b>	<b>Ab7</b>	<b>G7b9</b>
Southern trees bear a strange fruit		
<b>Cm</b>	<b>Ab7</b>	<b>G7b9</b>
Blood on the leaves and blood at the root		
<b>Fm</b>	<b>Dm7b5</b>	<b>G7b9</b>
Black bodies swinging in the southern breeze		
<b>Cm</b>	<b>Ab7</b>	<b>G7b9</b>
Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees		

[Verse 2]

<b>Cm</b>	<b>Ab7</b>	<b>G7b9</b>
Pastoral scene of the gallant south		
<b>Cm</b>	<b>Ab7</b>	<b>G7b9</b>
The bulging eyes and the twisted mouth		
<b>Fm</b>	<b>Dm7b5</b>	<b>G7b9</b>
Scent of magnolias, sweet and fresh		
<b>Cm</b>	<b>Ab7</b>	<b>G7b9</b>
Then the sudden smell of burning flesh		

[Verse 3]

<b>Cm</b>	<b>Ab7</b>	<b>G7b9</b>
Here is fruit for the crows to pluck		
<b>Cm</b>	<b>Ab7</b>	<b>G7b9</b>
For the rain to gather, for the wind to suck		
<b>Fm</b>	<b>Dm7b5</b>	<b>G7b9</b>
For the sun to rot, for the trees to drop		
<b>Cm</b>	<b>Ab7</b>	<b>G7b9</b>
Here is a strange and bitter crop		