Where Have All The Cauliflowers Gone appears on Sid's album East Side Story

Everybody brings their harvest home, everybody that you know;
The cabbage patch brings just as much pride as the farmer's swaying set-aside.
God gives us the weeds so high, and the cabbage white butterfly,
So let us give thanks to God, for what we get from the sod.

Everybody brings their harvest home, everybody that you know;
Even the strumpet on the game, brings her harvest home the same.
God gives us the strumpet – well – you have to pay, so I've heard tell;
Personally I don't know; my wife wouldn't let me bring one home.

Everybody brings their harvest home, everybody that you know;
From the scrubber, scrubbing on her knees, to the policeman, bringing home the thieves.
God gives us the thieves, it's true, so when they steal your things from you
You'll be glad, I'm sure, to know, you're helping them to take their harvest home.

Everybody brings their harvest home, everybody that you know,
Even the pussy-cat so sweet, drags in mice and voles and fleas.
God gives us the fleas, it's true, and the measles, lice and flu,
Then we take them home, you see, and give them to our family!

Everybody bring their harvest home, everybody that you know;
Except for the welder, who welds so hard, leaves his harvest at the ship yard.
God gives us the welder fair, but still he leaves his harvest there,
For his wife would give him gyp if he brought home a blooming great ship.

Everybody brings their harvest home, everybody that you know;
Even the homeless, dressed in rags, keep their harvest in plastic bags.
God gave me this song, you see, so, if you didn't like it, don't blame me!
And as you people had to pay, I'll take my harvest home today.

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