

Alex, Short and Sweet,
leave your boyfriends at home and the drinks are on me next week.

He seems like a real good guy,
but you're only as good as your last goodbye.

Alex, let your long hair down,
like the prettiest brush you could ever use to paint this town,
because you know as well as I do
that we're only as good as our last goodbyes.

"What will we do, where will we go?"
Alexandra, I don't really know.
"When will it end?" Whenever you want it to.

Alex to your health!
May you never outgrow the need to outdo yourself,
and heed the jealous cry
of a sitting duck stuck to his last goodbye.

Skyward they flew 'til it was as far
to the street as it was to the stars,
and to stardust as peanut shells on the parlor floor.

"What have we done, where have we gone?"
Nothing, above and beyond.
"When will it end?" Alexandra, it's already done.

I told you honey, short and sweet!
It's a damn sight better than long and bitter, don't you think?
Keep your feet wet and your eyes dry,
'cause you're only as good as your last goodbye,
you're only as good as your last goodbye,
yeah, you're only as good as your last goodbye.