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Baby don't hurt me no more

Wondering about the Baby, don't hurt me... No more... Reference? Check out this popular '90s song Former national team athlete Alex Scott opens up about his lifelong love affair with the sport of bowls in this special Valentine's Day edition of Biased Bowls. We all remember our first love. Whether it was another human being, a pet, something you found on the internet, it was there, and it was majestic, and it made you feel weird. It was kind of like my feeling toward Lawn Bowls. When I was younger, I was a quiet, polite, mischievous and cheerful kid who loved gangster rap music. I also loved Bowls. My pals would poke fun at me as they played hockey, basketball, football and pulled off wise-minded kicks on their skateboards. They would say, 'You play Bowls? Why are you playing it, man? I'll tell you why my friends because it's one of my eternal loves. Sometimes it hurt me so much that I almost quit and other times the love was so clear I needed more. This is BOWLS baby. It was Summer 1997 when I entered my first Saskatchewan Junior Provincials. Nutana Lawn Bowling Club befited with sunshine and pride. There were about a dozen competitors, and I wondered if I was over my head. By the time Sunday came along, however, I was presented with a hilariously large provincial team jacket and a trip to PEI for the Junior Nationals. What is love, you ask? It's Bowls baby. Let's fast forward to 2007. Back on the East Coast in PEI for the Under-25s. Karaoke bars, cheap lobsters and friends from across Canada. Oh yes... this is Bowls baby. 2008- Hong Kong! We were ready for a potential playoff game... had to just beat Zimbabwe. After all, we were five coming home! Do you think we did that? ABSOLUTELY NOT. Drop a six and shanked everything. Game over Canada. Baby, don't hurt me... No more. 2008- Australia! Playing on 17 second greens for the first time ever? Very problematic! You know what wasn't problematic? The lifelong memories of meeting people from all over the world. This is Bowls baby. 2013. Heartbreak Hotel. I doubted whether I would ever win a Canadian Championship. Doubts I would maintain my passion for the game. Baby, don't hurt me... No more. 2017- My 3rd Canadian Championship Gold in 4 years. Now it's Bowls baby. The memories, lifespan friendships, heartbreak, success, perseverance, passion, practice, coaching, travelling, being on a plate, helping your local clubs, generating meaningful dialogue on social media platforms, challenging the current systems, challenging yourself and what you want to become. This is Bowls baby. Actually... it's love baby! As we celebrate this intimate and sexy 14th day of February, remember why you're involved with Bowls. We all have that of perfect clarity along with complete and extreme pain. But this is LOVE baby. Every single person has own journey to go on. Just make sure you keep on truck', because there will be many times that you'll be terribly close, but not quite there. So, if you find yourself aimlessly huckin' a pair of Size 5 Henselite Classics down an 8.7-second green- just pump some 'Haddaway,' crank that head side to side and realize... IT'S BOWLS BABY! Happy Valentine's Day. Sincerely, Alex 'Great Shot Scotty' Scott Baby don't hurt me, don't hurt me, no more... — HaddawayNestor Alexander Haddaway (1965-) is a Trinidadian-born German singer and musician best known for his 1993 hit single What Is Love. The song was released in May 1993 and was massively successful in Europe, becoming a number-one hit in at least 13 countries and reaching number two in Germany, Sweden, and the UK. A few years later it experienced a resurgence thanks to Saturday Night Live's Roxbury Guys sketches and the 1998 film A Night at the Roxbury.The reason I bring you this song? All my life I've struggled to find a concise definition of love that fits my personal experience. Until recently, it is. My wife became angry because I was arguing with her about the shortest route to walk home after he overshooted our subway's stop. She went down in her own (wrong) direction and I came home long before she did. Unfortunately, she had the keys to the apartment and I didn't. So I have to sit outside my door thinking about the ridiculousness of the situation. Also during that time I got some nasty text messages from her for good measure because I had the audacity to point out that I was at home waiting. Photo By Brooke Cagle on UnsplashWhile I cursed my life choices, it struck me like a lightning bolt of insight. Haddaway told us the meaning of love all the way back in 1993, when I was just a teenager. If I had just taken those simple lyrics to heart, it would have saved me so much annoying. Here's my interpretation of Haddaway's meaning of love. Your lover will sometimes behave like a complete piece of shit. Not every day, but on a regular enough basis you'll question why you're with them. They will hurt you, for no good reason. They'll blame you for their hurting you, and since it's your fault, they won't apologize. You may get angry in the moment, but you'll always forgive them because you love them. I don't want any other, no other lover This is our life, our time We're together, I need you foreveris it loves? Okay, but how does this precious wisdom save irritation? The key is acceptance. When you love someone, you have to assume you'll forgive whatever shit they end up doing to you. And if you're going to forgive them at all, then you might as well do it once you realize it's going to have to happen. For example, in of insisting on the correctness of my route home, the moment I realised that she wasn't going back I should have assumed I was just going to get a little more exercise. I should have put her need to feel intelligent beyond my desire to get home quickly. Some of you reading this probably take offense that I suggest going with someone who is clearly wrong if they work it out themselves. But that's the whole point. At any given moment in the relationship, one of you can do something right while the other is doing something wrong. It might even be lopsided, but really it doesn't matter because the meaning of love is you're finally going to accept that hurt and confusion that goes with your lover doing something wrong, and you're going to stick with them anyway. Baby Don't Hurt Me No MoreBaby Don't Hurt Me No More - Single EditBaby Don't Hurt Me No More - InstrumentalMore Dark Room NotesListen to Baby Don't Hurt Me No More in full in the Spotify appLegalPrivacyCookiesAbout Ads 2012 Dark Room Notes released their Choice Music Prize nominated debut We Love You Dark Matter on Good Friday 2009. Now, 3 years on, the follow-up is ready. Titled simply Dark Room Notes, the album will be released on Easter Monday, April 9 and is preceded by first single Baby Don't Hurt Me No More. Recorded in Dublin in Starling Studios and produced by Ciaran Bradshaw, who also manned the desk for their debut, the single features an excerpt from Haddaway's What Is Love. Other influences on the album team poet Tom French who has allowed a recording of one of his lectures to feature, disco, home music, silent films about dinosaurs and, of course, the broody electronica for which DRN is best known. Written during and about the economic collapse that has befallen Europe since its inception, Dark Room Notes sees the group taking a big step forward musically and artistically. Dark Room Notes will launch with a headline show at the Twisted Pepper in Dublin on April 7, 2012, their first Irish show in more than a year, with European dates to follow. Show all BBE records © 2020 | Code by Dot Red web development What's love? Oh baby, don't hurt me Don't hurt me, No longer Oh baby, don't hurt me, don't hurt me anymore What's love? Yes No, I don't know why you're not fair, I give you my love, but you don't care so what's right and what's wrong? Gimme a sign What is love? Oh baby, don't hurt me Don't hurt me, how's love? Oh baby, don't hurt me Don't hurt anymore, no longer Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, oh Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, oh, oh, I don't know, what can I do? What else can I say? It's up to you I know we're one, only me and you can't go on What's Love? Oh baby, don't hurt me Don't hurt me, how's love? Oh baby, don't hurt me don't hurt anymore, more Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, oh Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, oh, oh What's love? What is love? Oh baby, don't hurt me don't hurt me anymore, don't hurt me, I don't want any other, no other lover This is our life, our time If we're together, do I need you forever it's love? What is love? Oh baby, don't hurt me Don't hurt me, how's love? Oh baby, don't hurt me don't hurt anymore Yes, yes Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, oh Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, oh, oh What's love? Oh baby, don't hurt me Don't hurt me, how's love? Oh baby, don't hurt me Don't Hurt Me (whoa, whoa) Oh baby, don't hurt me Don't Hurt Me Anymore (whoa, whoa) Oh baby, doesn't hurt me don't hurt me, more What's love? What is love? Baby, Don't Hurt Me Don't Hurt Me, Doesn't Hurt Me Anymore Don't Hurt Me Because More Is Love? Yes, yes (Ooh, ooh) don't know why you're not there, I give you my love, but you don't care so what's right? And what's wrong? Gimme a sign What is love? Baby, don't hurt me Don't hurt me, what's love? Baby, don't hurt me Don't hurt me anymore (Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, oh-whoa, whoa, oh, ooh) (Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, oh-whoa, whoa, oh, ooh)Oh, I don't know, what can I do? What else can I say, it's up to you I know we're one Only me and you I can't go on What's Love? Baby, don't hurt me Don't hurt me, no longer what love is? Baby, don't hurt me Don't hurt me anymore (Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, oh-whoa, whoa, oh, ooh) (Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, oh-whoa, whoa, oh, ooh)What's love? (Ooh, ooh, ooh) What is love? (Ooh, ooh, ooh) What is love? (Ooh, ooh, ooh) What is love? Baby, don't hurt me Don't Hurt Me, no moreDon't hurt me Don't hurt mel, no other lover This is our life, our time When we're together, do I need you forever that's love? What is love? Baby, don't hurt me Don't hurt me, no longer what love is? Baby, don't hurt me Don't hurt me, no moreYeah (Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, oh-whoa, oh, ooh) (Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, oh-whoa, whoa, oh, ooh)What's love? Baby, don't hurt me Don't hurt me, no longer what love is? Baby, don't hurt me don't hurt me anymore (Huh-huh, huh-huh)Baby, doesn't hurt me anymore (Huh-huh, huh-huh)Baby, don't hurt me, doesn't hurt me anymore who's love? Love?