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## Amos alonzo stagg high school alumni

For you, I was flame Love is lost game Five fire story as came Love is lost game One I wanted, I never played Oh, what a mess we made And now love's last frame is a losing game Played by love team is a losing hand Though I battle blind Love is a fate Memories resigned mar my mind Love, it is a fate resigned Over futile odds And laughed at the gods And now the final frame Love is a fate resigned Memories mar my mind Love, it is a fate resigned Over futile odds And laughed at the gods And now the final frame Love is a lost game Lyrics presented by Nyra Love Is A Losing Game written by Amy Winehouse Lyrics © Sony / ATV Music Publishing LLC Lyrics powered by LyricFind Add your thoughts Login now to tell us what you think this song means. Don't have an account? Create an account with SongMeanings to post comments, upload texts, and more. It's very simple, we promise! I think what Amy was trying to tell us with this song is that for her, love is a game she lost. She tried, but she could never get to the only thing she ever wanted: love. Self-confessed deep Until chips were down Know you're a gambler Love is a losing hand Though I battled blind Love is a fate resigned Memories mar my mind Love is a fate resigned Over futile And odds laughed at the gods And now the final frame Like the other songs on the Back to Black album, this was written during a difficult time in Winehouse's life. Her then-boyfriend Blake Fielder-Civil abandoned her to return to his former girlfriend, leaving Amy devastated. After writing the songs, they returned and married in 2007. However, at the time Winehouse was emotionally fragile, but decided to use her pain as a raw material for her songs, which she considered a healing experience. She explained to Mojo Magazine in January 2008: 'I'm not afraid of appearing vulnerable. I write songs about things I can't get past emotionally, and then I feel better. Written by Mark Ronson, producer of Back to Black. Ronson is also a co-author of the title track and the song You Know I'm No Good on the album. Winehouse collaborated with Ronson a few months later on the cover of Zutons' song Valerie on his album Version. When it was released as a single it reached #2 on the UK charts, higher than any of the singles released with Back to Black.When English singer-songwriter George Michael was auditioned on the BBC Radio show Desert Island Discs, he chose it as the piece of music he would most like to have if he were stranded on a desert island. In 2008, she won the Ivor Novello Award for Best musical and lyrical. However, the worried singer did not arrive in time to pick up her gong, leaving her embarrassed father Mitch to accept it on her behalf. It was the first mixed song for Back to Black. Ronson recalled to Mojo Mojo June 2010, he was upset as Winehouse reacted. Ronson said: 'On the first day she came to mix at the Metropolis studios in London. The first song we mixed was Live is a Losing Game. She had her head down on the mixing board, so I couldn't gauge her reaction. I'm freaking out, thinking, if she doesn't like it, we're very f---ed. At the end, he looks up and walks up, stretches out his hands and gives me a huge hug. I love it. Just remove the harp after the second verse. It sounds like some bulls Mariah Carey - t. It's symbolic it's something about Amy. She can reduce you to size in two flat seconds. For you I was a flame, Love is a losing game, Five fire story as you came, Love is a losing game. One I regret that I never played, What a mess we made, And now the final cage, Love is a lost game.Played by the team, Love is a losing hand, More than I could stand, Love is a lost hand,confessed self, deep until the tips were down, Though you are a man of gambling, Love is a lost hand, Tho I battle in the dark, Love is fate gave up Memories mar my mind, Love is fate gave up Over vain odds, I laughed through the gods, And now the final frame, Love is a lost game Those who took practical criticism, received a piece of paper containing the words of the singer to her single Love is a Losing Game and asked for a contrast with the work of a sixteenth-century poet and explorer. Winehouse's song, which last week won her a songwriting award at the Ivor Novello awards, includes lines: Why I wouldn't ever play/Oh, what a mess we made/And now the final frame/Love is a losing game. Third-year English students taking the exam were also asked to compare Raleigh's poem with songs by rock star Bob Dylan and blues singer Billie Holiday. The exam question, which took place on Thursday 22 May, was: The Oxford English Dictionary defines 'lyric' as 'Of' or referring to a lira; adapted to the lyre, designed for singing. He also quotes Ruskin's maxim of lyrical poetry as an expression of the poet's own feelings. Compare the poem (a) on a separate sheet [Sir Walter Raleigh's lyric, written in 1592] with one or two lyrics (b)-(d) for these diverse senses of 'lyricism'. Those who took the paper said they were surprised by Winehouse's inclusion of texts in the exam. One student, who sat on the paper, who did not want to be named until his paper was marked, said: 'It was really weird. I sat there looking at the paper in shock. I wouldn't consider a controversial pop singer to be a literary figure. But a female last year English student added: 'I think it's cool - poetry doesn't have to mean Keats and Byron, but there were a lot of surprised people.' It is not possible to prepare for such Winehouse, 24, is as well known for her turbulent private life as her music. Upon presentation of an early promise in the The Youth Jazz Orchestra recorded their first album as a teenager. Her struggles with drugs and drinking were the source of texts for her biggest hit, Rehab. But over the past year she has had to cancel a string of concert runs and appeared in newspapers and police stations more than on stage. She was charged with common assault and arrested on suspicion of drug possession while her husband remains in prison awaiting trial for assault and perverting the course of justice. However, the controversy surrounding Winehouse fades into irrelevant next to the life of Raleigh (1552 - 1618). He became a favorite of Queen Elizabeth I after the brutal suppression of the uprisings in Ireland and took part in the colonization of the New World. But after marrying one of her ladies in anticipation of without consent, he was imprisoned in the Tower of London and later sentenced to death after being accused of being involved in a conspiracy against King James I. He was released but was arrested again and beheaded after attacking the Spaniards during an expedition to find gold in the Americas. In addition, he wrote the history of the world, as well as some of the best poetry of the Elizabethan era, became an MP in three counties and was an outstanding landowner. Raleigh is also credited with bringing tobacco to England, which his fellow literature legend Winehouse will no doubt approve of. It was often noted that Amy Winehouse's music had returned to another era - the glory days of Motown and soul, R&B, jazz, girl groups and Phil Spector Wall of Sound; it was there in brass, in impeccable period production and sublime smoke and burnish her voice. But it was the quality that penetrated her words too, in lyrics that nodded not to her contemporaries, but to the work of early blues singers such as Big Mama Thornton and Ma Rainey, Ethel Waters and Bessie Smith. These were songs sometimes written by the blueswomen themselves and occasionally contributed by male songwriters (J.C. Johnson for example, who wrote Smith's Empty Bed Blues and Waters's You Can't Do What My Last Man Did), but it had a feminine perspective - tales of hound dogs and backdoor men, coffee grinders, deep-sea divers, and love lost, abandoned, thrown away and taken back. Pop music often cast women as cute, bright creatures, but Winehouse's lyrics revealed something of an abrasive, messy. Here's a woman who refused to adapt - not in the eccentric mad woman in the attic form of Kate Bush or Björk, but a woman who decided to live a little wild, follow her heart and sing a simple stew of being a woman. Her songs were filled with broad conversations, cussing, drinking and drugs and dicks, songs that might depend on one wonderful, unladylike question: What's that mother-in-law? She sang openly about women's desire – not about the squalorous, hurtful sexuality of Sex and Years, but something truer, more physical, more serious. She sang about body ache, the need for emotion, the distracting charm of men's arms, shirt, underwear. When she came to me, and drip for him tonight, she sang on I Wake Up Alone. He drowned in me, bathe under the blue light. She often gave her songs a familiar, almost homely setting, a world of kitchen floors, chips and pitta, Tanqueray and Stella. I'm in the bath, you're in the seat, she sang on You Know I'm No Good. Lick my lips as I soak my legs / Then you will notice little carpet burn / My stomach drops and my guts churn. It was a verse that began as a picture of Degas, naked and intimate and warmly erotic, but quickly dismantled into something sad and messy and ruined. And that, too, was the key to Winehouse's lyrics - she gave you a picture, and then quickly sneered it, the honeymoon love scene quickly dissolved into misery; during the album gave the impression of a life of instability, lived from one ramshackle lurch to the next. But they were constant - namely addiction and passion, the burning five-story fire of love, to which she always returned in Love Is a Losing Game, the cruel, self-ownership force of some ungodly war, a mind steamed with drugs and love and desire. In Back to Black's great tangle of pride and need we found melding with two: You love blow and I love puff,' she sang. And life is like a pipe/ And I'm a little penny rolling up the walls inside. The second constant presence was self-harm and remorse. In her lyrics Winehouse seemed to show how she screwed things up - how she should never have played a love game in the first place, teasing her self-esteem, and that regret I got used to. In Tears Dry on my own he gives himself a stern conversation: I can't play myself again, I should be my best friend, he warns. Do not in the head with stupid men. She had a special talent in her lyrics, a trick, a twist that made her songs often surprisingly true; each composition would contain at least a line, an image, a phrase that seems to avoid an open song. Often this line was one that seemed to reveal something about femininity – our obsessions, our sexuality, our needs and our own wild oats: Even if she is happy in her warmth, she sang in He Can Only Hold Her. She is harassed as a matter of urgency / Seeking kisses, miss misses / The man she misses. I remember seeing Winehouse backstage at Glastonbury in 2008 – little Olive Oyl tottering about between Jay-Z and Beyoncé and Jack White. She was a little wild that night, a little insecure, and when she went to perform, we all stood on stage to watch. Sometimes the performance teetered on shambolic (there was the infamous punching incident), but the voice was there and the swagger, and so they actually were Texts. Under all the pantomimes of the party, under cocktail umbrellas in her hive, references to her husband and an emached frame in sequins, a constant woman singing about suffering that seemed deeply, painfully feminine: Now I take a restless song, my chances are stacked, she sang as if largely to herself and her love, Now Blakey, I'll go back to black.

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