

waterslide lincoln signal



Waterslide is singer-songwriter and producer **Mark Doyon**. From his home base in northern Virginia, Doyon previously released albums as **Arms of Kismet** and **Wampeters**, and published the short-story collection *Bonneville Stories*.

Doyon's work has been featured in **PopMatters**, **The Daily Vault**, **Hybrid**, **Skoop**, **Neufutur**, **Groovevolt**, **Ear Candy**, **Modern Dance UK**, **Delusions of Adequacy**, **The Absinthe Literary Review**, **3AM Magazine**, and many other outlets. It has been playlisted by **Sirius XM**, **AOL Radio**, **Yahoo Launchcast**, **Creamy Radio**, and **Radio Crystal Blue**, and has appeared in numerous independent films and multimedia productions.

The Daily Vault described Doyon's music as "witty, idiosyncratic indie-rock that is to a band like Maroon 5 what a film like *Sideways* is to one like *Miss Congeniality 2*... Zealously off-center, moderately acidic, daringly intellectual and vastly entertaining... These are songs to not just listen to, but explore, a series of musical masks donned by an artist with keen insight and an oversized sense of playfulness."

In the words of **Mike Perazetti** of **Radio Casbah**, "On the surface, it's great power pop. A little below the surface is a whole other species of musical madness."

That approach fuses acoustic, organic instrumentation and found sound, summoning a warm, analog vibe that sounds as natural in a coffeehouse as it does on a car radio. Guitars and dancebeats coat sugary melodies and fractured lyrics, blending genres in offbeat and revelatory ways.

Why "Waterslide"?

"When you're going down a waterslide," Doyon says, "you're happy and exhilarated, free of worry and full of anticipation. And when you get to the end, you're submerged, almost as an exclamation, in this clear, blue water. It reminds us of the fleetingly perfect moments in our lives."

Meet **Dick Drake**, an overeducated, middle-aged historian and political scientist living in a remote shack in western Montana. Banished by academia, he holds a grudge against society and its inequities. Abandoned by his long-suffering wife, he spends his days studying environmentalist tracts and selling fresh flowers from the back of a pickup truck along the lonesome state highways.



Bundled up next to his wood stove during a blizzard, he dreams of driving a sleek Lincoln Continental through the deserted streets of an ancient city. Rolling to a stop at a glowing, desolate intersection, he revs the car's engine... and everything changes.



From the Dylanesque "In Your Sunday Colors" to the Crazy Horse-inflected "Off Grid on Target" to the mock-poppy "Spike the Tree," *Lincoln Signal* follows a man pushed to his internal outskirts. Beat by beat, he comes unglued — and fights to put the pieces back together.

Lincoln Signal was written and produced by **Mark Doyon**, and mastered by **Jon Astley** (*the Who*, *George Harrison*, *Tori Amos*). Guests include guitarist **Eamon Loftus** ("Fiddlesticks [Roma]") and banjo player **Logan Claytor** ("Spike the Tree").

A blend of classic and new, *Lincoln Signal* pays homage to the Velvet Underground, Neil Young, the Band, Brian Wilson, Marty Robbins, Captain Beefheart, and — in a fleeting moment ("Dancing with the Satellites") — KC and the Sunshine Band.



Release: June 19, 2012
www.waterslidemusic.com

Rev the Engine for the Caledonia Hill

a somersault, a flip and spin
a trip around the block and back again
a pheromone of sprawl and blight
the engine flutters at the traffic light

a burning sun, a warning sign
stop at the intersection unless you're blind
a turning leaf, a rising span
the engine sputters by the garbage cans

a quiet ecstasy, a smothered joy
dreams were endless when you were a boy
a line of pebbles, a pile of rocks
the engine rumbles from the starting blocks

just one last time and we'll be gone
we have to do this now, it's off or on
it's time to dig and scratch
collapse and build
rev the engine for the Caledonia kill

Wilds of Idaho

sleeping in 'til noon
dreaming of the fall
a moment lost
found you on the phone
frozen in the snow
in the wilds of Idaho

echoes from the road
no one throwing stones
you were gone
echoes from the road
and the fall of Rome
you were

sitting in my chair
playing solitaire
and watching television
the President is on
says the 'state of the union'
is good

faith is just a trap
until you need it most
and then it is your holy ghost
love is just a dream
until you need it most
and then it is your holy ghost

a thing is right
when it preserves
integrity and beauty

Gone Missing

where is the White Footed Rabbit-Rat?
lost with the Puerto Rican Flower Bat
can't find a Lord Howe-Long-Eared Bat
gone missing with the St. Lucy Giant Rice
Rat

where is the Broad-Faced Potoroo?
left town with the Desert Rat Kangaroo
can't find a Pig-Footed Bandicoot
gone missing with the Christmas Island
Shrew

where is the Mexican Grizzly Bear?
out the door with Schomburgk's Deer
has anybody seen Sturdee's Pipistrelle
gone missing with the Red Gazelle?

where now is the Caspian Cat?
took its leave with the Martinique Muskrat
lost track of the Eastern Hare Wallaby
gone missing with the Lesser Bilby

won't you please come home

where is the Mono Lake Diving Beetle?
on the lam with the Fort Ross Weevil
can't find the Chestnut Ermine Moth
gone missing with the Lesser Puerto Rican
Ground Sloth

where is the Antillean Cave Rail?
next to the Umbilicate Pebblesnail
lost the Pecatonica River Mayfly
gone fishing with the Blue Walleye

where is the Ash Meadows Killfish?
washed away with the Tecopa Pupfish
what became of the American Lion?
fossilized like the Ancient Bison

where on Earth is the Western Camel?
don't confuse it with the Stilt-Legged Llama
lost my Pecatonica River Mayfly
gone missing with my Passenger Pigeon
Mife

In Your Sunday Colors

what a way to lie
a trick of the light
and your shadow's disappeared
but that's all right

what a way to lose
when you're one of the chosen few
but you lost the secret code
and now you're through

but I will see your veil of dolor
bright and blue
in your Sunday colors

what a way to sin
you would not let them in
and when you turned away
they would not call you friend

what a way to die
with a dagger in your eye
with salvation in the sacristy
and all that hate inside

see you on Sunday

Hadrian's Wall

driving all night
passing the time
cursing my luck
on the side of the road
selling these blooms
from the back of a truck

sometimes I hear somebody calling

breathing the dust
sweating it out
making the rent
climbing a hill
high as the sky
everything spent

sometimes I dream that I am falling

but Hadrian's Wall
was never that tall

a woman and child
shuffling by
a tulip and rose
take a liking to these
'can you wrap them for me?
with a couple of those?'

sometimes I turn to vapor rising

it could not keep you out
it did not keep you in

Off Grid on Target

stray dog hung around my door
I did not feed it
newspaper sat out on the porch
I did not read it
heard a warning in my deep sleep
I did not heed it
thanks a lot for the heaping heap
I do not need it

going off of the grid
off the grid and on target

Summer Girls #23

you call my name
and I have no wants
in fields of green
and sparkling oceans blue

and when I see you there
we will walk that path
warmed by the sun

and though I bear
this pain and doubt
I know you're there
and I am not afraid

and I will stay with you
all my days

Fiddlesticks (Roma)

Roma, my home
Roma, my love
I don't need the dogma
I don't need the drugs
as long as the sun
is burning above
Roma, my heart

I'll meet you at the wall
I'll catch you when you fall
no matter where you've been
I will not play that violin

Roma, my love
Roma, my home
I'll wait on the karma
I'll wait on the koan
as long as the sky
is reigning alone
Roma, my heart

I'll greet you at the wall
I'll catch you when you fall
no matter who you've been
I will not play that violin

Spike the Tree

got my helmet on
got my goggles, too
gotta watch out for
the collateral, you know

got a pounding heart
got this super brain
got a lot to do
got a lot of pain

going outside to play
all-y, all-y, in come free
kicking the can all day
I'm the king of the hill
spike the tree

got a hole inside
lets in the pouring rain
wrote my Congressman
about all this pain

got a bleeding ulcer
and the end is closer
I signed the petition
and now I'll drive the nail

Mayfly

'neath the willow's
lazy sway
lived a life
inside a day

May has flown
into breezes blown

in the spring
we made a vow
but promises
are broken now

Dancing with the Satellites

I'm just a spacewalker
on a stellar ride
she's an asteroid
that I must abide

she is a disturbance
in the cosmic wind
she is the orbiter
coming 'round again

dancing with the satellites

I'm just an average guy
in a rocket ship
she's a supernova
doing a backflip
she's a streaking comet
doing a backflip

Vandals in Reverse

I fix my eyes
on the road ahead
pressing on to arrive by dawn
yellow turns to red

I drop my head
to the steering wheel
traffic light shimmers in the night
over my windshield

I raise my gaze
to the smudged rearview
at my feet and on the backseat
are photographs of you

we're vandals in reverse
turning 'round the curse
wherever we may go
we're unbreaking the windows

Fortuna's wheel
isn't mine to steer
remembering, I rewind everything
and throw it back in gear

whichever way we turn
a bridge is left unburned

as long as we shall be
we're unspiking the tree