

Arms of Kismet: The Inscrutable Float

Singer-songwriter **Mark Doyon** barely remembers when he first heard the 5th Dimension singing the Jimmy Webb song, "Up, Up and Away." But sometime in the late '60s, the sunny pop tune made itself at home in his preschool mind.

"It wasn't just the melody or performance that got to me. It was the message of this balloon floating through the sky. And suggesting anyone could try that."

Fast-forward to 2016 and Doyon is talking about *The Helium Age*, the fourth album from **Arms of Kismet**. True to its origins, it takes a bird's-eye view, from the salad days of youth to the epiphanies of middle age. "I was watching my kids grow up, seeing my parents get older... and realizing I was right in the middle, learning from all of them."

From paeans to lost innocence ("Angels in the Snow," "Careless World") to ruminations on time's passage ("Greyhound," "Forever") to odes to art and love ("F. Scott and Everything He Wrote," "S.O.S."), *The Helium Age* whirls through a multi-colored sky. Flecks of Dylan and the Clash and the Flaming Lips, the Kinks and Lou Reed and Jonathan Richman, stream like light through a kaleidoscope.

"Sometimes I hear an inflection in one of my songs," Doyon says, "and I realize an artist I heard years ago left me a few breadcrumbs. When I started thinking about the balloon, I really didn't know why. It just seemed random. And then it was obvious."

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www.armsofkismet.com

Arms of Kismet summons 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. Brooding and poppy, funny and foreboding, it's toe-tapping, tragicomic rock 'n' roll.

"Arms of Kismet is witty, idiosyncratic indie rock that is to a band like Maroon 5 what a film like *Sideways* is to one like *Miss Congeniality 2*... 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." —*The Daily Vault*

Discography

Eponymous (2004)
Cutting Room Rug (2005)
Play for Affection (2010)
The Helium Age (2016)



wampus multimedia

Contact the Wampus Multimedia label via wampus.com, [@wampusmm](https://twitter.com/wampusmm), or mail5@wampus.com.

Angels in the Snow

specks of dust
floating in space
flecks of rust
that occupy a place

grains of sand
upon the beach
pains and plans
a beating heart in each

with the blanket on the ground
where nothing new could grow
we made angels in the snow

shards of glass
upon the street
hard overpass
beneath their tiny feet

Careless World

writing at the Broke Cafe
imagining I had some cash
sipping gin & tonics and
eating bangers & mash
bouncer bounced right up me
as if he had something to say
'who do you think you are?'
I said, 'Ernest Hemingway'

it's a world without care
a bus that charges no fare

so I grabbed a taxicab
and ditched it at the Square Kenmore
a guy was sitting on a stool
checking IDs at the door
he flipped out a flashlight and
as I turned my back
he said, 'this ain't your picture,
Mr. Kerouac'

then I was pulling a rickshaw down
the median of Mass Ave
and it looked suspicious, boy
it's not something I would normally have
a cop pulled me over
and said, 'when you turn, you blink'
I said, 'I'm the Dalai Lama
and I get free drinks'

get control of the bus

don't worry, girl
it's a careless world

Carnival by the Sea

je suis un artiste
vous êtes un objet d'art
holding hands on the boardwalk
funnel cakes from a cart
I shotgun a beer
I want to dive off the pier

at the carnival

I am mischievous
my complaints are few
'cause Coney Island
looks a lot like you
I tremble and twitch
I want to jump off the bridge

at the carnival by the sea

in the haunted mansion
live the ghosts of Luna Park
the calliope fills the dark
playing 'That Old Gang of Mine'
I can hear that lonesome part
in this dead amusement park

I can't forget that old quartet
I'm gonna jump off the bridge

the furious Cyclone braves another day
so the thrill of living never goes away
and I'm dreaming of a lost, idyllic sway
on the Ferris wheel out by the bay

idling in my father's car
at some decaying dead end
and I'm lost in time again
it's eerily familiar, like a place I've always been
with my friends

I can't forget

Greyhound

I took the Greyhound bus to our hometown
Main Street was boarded up and broken down
our old friends were hiding in their homes
from the truck that comes on Sundays
to collect their bones

I found that oak tree in the park
our initials carved upon the bark

I took the Greyhound just to get a look
and saw the dawn patrol of the Sunday truck
the lots of sand and dirt were overgrown
by the vines of faded glories
covering their bones

I found that oak tree in the park
our initials wrapped inside a heart

I found that oak tree in the park
our initials carved upon the bark
I saw that oak tree in the dark
our initials wrapped inside a heart

I took the overnight Greyhound
fleet of foot across the ground
I rode the overnight Greyhound
on the road to our hometown

Belly Up

in your survival you astound
living unforgiven
in a casket in the ground
and I'm considering
that I might take my leave
at the risk of offending the bereaved

in your insouciance you impress
swaying and sashaying
in a long, black funeral dress
and I'm considering
an act you can't police
at the risk of awaking the deceased

sad songs play on the lost airwaves
static in your gloom
belly up to the bar
there's room

in your redemption you regale
scornful mourners
with phantasmagorical tales
and I'm considering
escaping to the coast
at the risk of insulting my good hosts

sad songs play on the lost highways
static in your tomb
belly up to the barmaid
there's room

The Condor

I am the condor
over canyons and peaks
bird's eye on the dead and dying
and their hide and seek
I am the scavenger
with a taste for you
wild jungle on a winged ride
late supper on the mountainside

I am the writer
of your chapter and verse
reveries of a cold dark flight
and a fate far worse
I am the painter
of a picture of you
bright colors in a blessed book
high flying on the overlook

hey

I was lost and hungry
soaring over the fields
flew into a long tirade
I can't change the way I'm made

when I caught the currents
you never let me down
saw you standing there all aglow
before you came unglued
when I spied your footprints
and your forked tongue
saw you standing there, soul amiss
at the edge of the abyss

I am the condor

On the Tracks

lying out
on the grass
waiting in the shadows
for the train to pass

nodding out
in the glow
forgetting everything
we used to know

shine to fade in the dusk
ride the rails and the rust

dying out
in the dark
forgetting everything
but the spark

fade to black in the dusk
ride the rails and the rust

you said
love is lunacy
and passion for a paramour
is fleeting fantasy
mème si nous vivons pour l'amour
take these words and lay them on the tracks

you said
love is fallacy
and not the answer anymore
a sweet apostasy
mème si nous vivons pour l'amour
take these words and nail them to the tracks

Forever

I see the clock on the wall
suspended in time
and unaware
I've got these tix at will-call
and as I rise up the stairs
to the balcony
I taste the rarefied air

forever is a long, long time

I'm down this big rabbit hole
and I don't know where it goes
so I'm following
what my compass shows

it's relative, I know
and it does not help to think
and so I'm wandering

I can't wait forever

forever is a long, long time
forever is a long, long time
and they say that heaven
it has a line
forever is a long, long time

forever is a long, long time
forever leaves you stone cold blind
if you dream of heaven
then get in line
what else can you do now
forever is a long, long time

F. Scott and Everything He Wrote

Zelda, it was hell in the spring
but I'd have done anything to save you
Zelda, won't you tell me something
something new

Zelda, we were lost in a dream
and we'd have done anything to stop time
Zelda, won't you tell me something
something true

and I don't mean to be unkind
it's just the empire of my mind

hearing Daisy Buchanan
in her hat and her coat
talking, 'F. Scott and everything he wrote'

Zelda, we attained all those dreams
but we lost everything to hard time
Zelda, won't you give me something
something back

hearing Daisy Buchanan
in her silk velvet coat
talking, 'F. Scott and everything he wrote'

father of Roth and Mailer and Pynchon
F. Scott Fitzgerald and the horse he rode in on
the pursued and the pursuing
the busy and the tired

S.O.S.

cast off your old complaints
pick up your brush and paint
you are a vessel of the helium rising
on a float through open sky
you are an element adrift on the current
born to rise and fly

it's the same old story
and it's getting old
it's the same old story and
it's dying to be told
and

discard your dread and fright
pick up your pen and write
you are a cipher with a meteor's message
on a flight through hollow space
you are an acrobat on gravity's rainbow
weightless in this place

it's the same old story
and it's getting old
it's the same old story and
look at them
they're dying to be told
and

don't give up
and don't give in
don't give up
and then don't do it again
hey
we'll find a way
breathe in this moment
before it's history
written in your heartbeat

how bad can it be?

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