

### short Bio

Martin Krümming frowns for just a second, but the message seems clear: "Don't ever call us a wedding band again!" This label, however, fits his band Hey Jetman in so many ways. They're a wedding band from a parallel universe, playing modern versions of the best hits you never knew. But as you dive into this modern sound of decades past, you find yourself singing along every time the second chorus hits. And as the ballad comes in, there's someone's arm around you. It's not easy to love the past. The early works of our immortal heroes have been suffocated by Adult Standard Radio, and their modern output keeps oscillating between lenience and stubbornness. But Hey Jetman are not impressed. They take on these early works, dismantle them, rearrange them, update them. This is nostalgia without stasis, a dancing beat, a versatile bass, a spot-on everything.

If these songs had been written some thirty, forty years ago, we'd be incredibly tired of hearing them today. But hey, here's the good news: Hey Jetman's songs are new, they sound beautifully old, they're right at home in our lives and times. You may spend a fortune for the privilege of sitting in plastic chairs, in multipurpose halls, watching Phil Collins, Joe Jackson, Billy Joel perish in front of your eyes – at least you've seen them once and heard them crow their eternal greats. But here's Hey Jetman, full of life, inviting you to dance, and the beer is cheap, too! And if you fall in love with them, you still have such a long way to go together.

Maybe you'll even get married!

### long version

It's satorial, it's pop, it's coming right up: informed by jazz and smart elegance, Hey Jetman bring the pop and wave of past millennia into our frantic days. They're here to fill playlists, right after Joe Jackson and just before Father John Misty. They're here to tell stories. Of Parklife and of Street Life.

Hey Jetman, what's the hurry? What's moving you and what is pulling you away and how is anything more important than now? The first chords of "The Orbiter" ring out and all pressure is gone. Time stops ticking away and a Berlin band cracks open doors to rooms seldom seen yet tidy and enchanting. Born and grown from the mind of drummer and composer Martin Krümming, Hey Jetman enter the fray with inspired songwriting and elegant arrangements. It's pop music, endearing and confident.

Hey Jetman, over here! It all started in one mind, then multiplied, then became songs, stories, a band. Hey Jetman have created their own world of songwriting. Here, Ben Folds never became an assortment of gimmicks. Here, love still knows how to swipe left, how to dry its eyes, without the cynicism of Father John Misty. Hey Jetman's soaring choruses do not need irony to anchor them. Their hooks shine like stars, not like floodlights.

This century was still young when the trained drummer Martin Krümming began writing, performing, releasing music. He was and still is a part of many projects, both as a creator and a performer. Hey Jetman may be his most personal and, perhaps for that very reason, his most relaxed outfit. Krümming's songs find their own space. Their harmonies, melodies, rhythms flow in their own way, free of pressure. There's a band, too, that expertly works to serve the moment, finding joy in a small, beautiful space.

There's no denying Hey Jetman's jazz roots. Ever so often, a break, a change, a variation betrays traces of Krümmling's days in New York, his work with artists like John Hollenbeck. Yet without effort all these moments become one with his unabashed love of elegant pop, of New Wave moves in nice suits. Here's a glimpse of what lies beneath the clever discipline and tidy demeanor: an exuberant joy in performing, in writing, in playing time like an instrument.

All this won't make "Watching People" a surefire success in these days of blunt hooks and you-can-skip-this-in-5-4-3-2-1 songwriter's fears. But Hey Jetman know their place. They know there's room on the shelves, right next to Joe Jackson's "Steppin' Out", Billy Joel's "Storm Front" und Prefab Sprouts's "From Langley Park To Memphis". It's their natural trust in their ability to fill these gaps that makes their music stand tall, be charming, shine bright and clear.

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[management@heyjetman.com](mailto:management@heyjetman.com) || [booking@heyjetman.com](mailto:booking@heyjetman.com) || Martin Krümmling: 0176 - 6349 9112