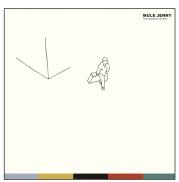
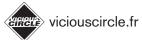


NOUVEL ALBUM

Sortie: 19 septembre 2025 CD • VINYLE • DIGITAL

Vicious Circle | L'Autre Distribution | Idol





MULE JENNY TAKE ENOUGH LEEWAY

etour ou renaissance pour le groupe Mule Jenny, né en 2020. Après avoir composé et enregistré seul son premier album sous ce nom étrange, évoquant pêle-mêle la filature, les luddites, l'hybridation et un prénom féminin issu d'un opéra de Kurt Weill, Etienne Gaillochet (batteur et chanteur de We Insist!) est très vite rejoint par Max Roy et Théo Guéneau de Lysistrata. Ensemble, ils élaborent d'abord un répertoire live pour des tournées en 2023. Après des répétitions très fertiles, ils décident d'enregistrer un deuxième album dans une forme radicalement différente. Ce sera un gros travail préparatoire et un enregistrement éclair en 3 jours de studio. Ce deuxième album aura donc les vertus du live, de la spontanéité et de la dynamique, avec dorénavant un vrai son de groupe et une identité propre.

On y trouvera l'idée d'un nouveau départ, d'un pas de côté, d'une licence fondatrice, une prise de parole et une prise de risque. Un album direct, franc et impulsif, qui fait le vide par le mouvement. Gardant la même inspiration que le précédent mais faisant aussi table rase, en se chargeant de vie, d'intention et de sens. La musique est toujours complexe, pleine de rebondissements mathrock et de virages en épingle à cheveux, mais les lignes de voix la guident dans un sens plus mélodique et pop.

Quelques morceaux prennent même le contrepied de ces chemins tortueux en creusant un Textes par Etienne Gaillochet, musique par Mule Jenny Enregistré par Ben Scott à Studio "Plait-il ?" Mixé et masterisé par Fred Nout

Dessin pochette par Julien Serve Artwork pochette par Matt Irwin

sillon court et droit, allant chercher la torsion dans l'intention ("You're Trying To Tell Me Something"), d'autres sont de véritables épopées ("Liberty's For Sale"). On y trouvera un goût prononcé pour les codas ultra mélodiques, comme des refrains entêtants finissant calmement un voyage chaotique ("Liberty's For Sale", "It's Over Now", "Outsiders"). Un brûlot noise-rock ("Pull Yourself In Someone Else's Shoes"), et une ballade fraîche et intense ("We Need Some Air").

L'enregistrement a été confié à Ben Scott au studio "Plait-il?", qui a capté en un rien de temps les intentions du groupe. Le mixage et le mastering ont quant à eux été menés de main de maître par le fidèle Fred Nout, qui a su donner tout le relief nécessaire à cette nouvelle musique et la sublimer.

CONTACTS

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DISCOGRAPHIE

Take Enough Leeway (Vicious Circle, 2025) **All These Songs of Love and Death** (Figures Libres Records / Grabuge, 2021)

MULE JENNY

Etienne Gaillochet : chant, batterie

Max Roy: basse

Théo Guéneau : guitares, chœurs

Éléments promo (album en écoute et téléchargement, visuels, infos) en ligne sur https://bit.ly/TakeEnoughLeeway_pro

TOURNÉE AUTOMNE 2025

25/09 · MELLE (79), Le Café du Boulevard

26/09 • PERIGUEUX (24), Le Moulin du Rousseau

27/09 · PESSAC (33), Sortie 13 - Krakatoa

01/10 • **VANNES** (56), Le Barailleur 02/10 • **LE MANS** (72), Le Barouf

04/10 • **BLOIS** (41), Le Chato'do

16/10 · ROUBAIX (59), La Cave aux Poètes

17/10 • PARIS (75), Petit Bain

18/10 · LONS-LE-SAUNIER (39), Les Oreilles de Darius

21/10 • **NIMES** (30), La Paloma

30/10 • SAINTES (17), Dans l'Oeil du Silo

31/10 · ANGERS (49), Le Joker's Pub

01/11 • CLERMONT-FERRAND (63), Chez Raymonde

02/11 · GRENOBLE (38), La Belle Electrique

04/11 • RENNES (35), L'Ubu

06/11 • LA ROCHELLE (17), La Sirène 14/11 • CAPBRETON (40), Le Black Flag

15/11 • JURANÇON (64), La Ferronnerie

27/11 • ORLÉANS (45), L'Astrolabe

28/11 • ESCH SUR ALZETTE (LU), Kulturfabrik

29/11 • TROYES (10), The Message

LIBERTY'S FOR SALE

Liberty's a case Liberty is now for sale The whole place is on sale To the highest bidder

Someone said:
"Art sure is a dirty job"
"Someone's gotta do it"
But who wants to sell it?

We'll be sold At the mall's head display At the flea market To the highest bidder

Make your way Avoiding a bloody fight Take enough leeway To go onto the next day

Step outside you're free to get out Step inside this crown could be yours Step outside we'll all vote for you Step inside your own slaughterhouse You won't regret it

...entertainement...

It's all ugly and mean And it's all nicely dislayed Not of any use But they'll sell it all To you... And me

We'll be sold From the mall's head display Or the flea market To the highest bidder

Step outside you're free to get out Step inside this crown could be yours Step outside we'll all vote for you Step inside your own slaughterhouse You won't regret it

What a wierd insight Of the factory Through the closing gates No one hears the clutter

Custody is fine
If you're lying around
On the bottom line
We're bound to breakdown

IT'S OVER NOW

Way down in the valley below An old man lost his way The ascent now seems so distant He's making a short stop He's taking a break time

Striking an arrow inside
One hollow trunk on the ground
Five evidences on the footway
Have guided his feet off the bounds

Tame your spine Bend over backwards

Clearing the hair off his face Rolling a pebble around his gums He's plunging ahead in the riverside Clearing his shoulders from the heavy load

He thinks of his widow and the earth shakes upon his dreams He leaned at his window and the world bloomed before his eyes

If you narrow it down, and you look through his eyes, it's begger's belief to let go

It's over now He's been around for a hundred years

OUTSIDERS

Outsiders are welcome And the fakers should join in None of them should be banned Leave them come into play here

Voices crul around Whirl and desappear Rarities and absurdities Where the law does not apply

Bodies won't come down Clutching to the old century Enemies and old buddies The owner knows who should be tossed

(no I won't stare at this beauty, I won't decide where it's going)

Outsiders are welcome And the fakers should join in None of them should be banned Leave them come into play here

Through the entrance door Pass some friendly faces Let the clock sound the hours There's no better way to unwind

Early wise and late foolish In the light vapors and all the fumes Where the smiles and tears all mingle Here the law does not apply

Solitary, bag of beans Outrageous sack of wine Underrated safe heaven

Help them getting lost Make it a thinner loss...

YOU'RE TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING

You're trying to tell me something And I can't hear anything Yes I swear I keep trying No I'm not always lying

My mind is kept in a box All I can hear is Fort Knox

It's fine to keep on trying Wear off and still no hiding It won't take much of your time No your heart can't be lying

Your mouth's too far from my ear Your hands are covering my fear

Should I be closing my eyes? Or leave it until it dies?

My mind is kept in a box All I can hear is Fort Knox

You're trying to tell me something And I can't hear anything Yes I swear I keep trying No I'm not always lying

Your mouth's too far from my ear Your hands are covering my fear

Should I be closing my eyes?
Or leave it until it dies?
Should I...?

PULL YOURSELF IN SOMEONE ELSE'S SHOES

A logic mind would delay What can't be done today Another one use to say Think it over and recoil

Different shore Different flower Different childhood Is in you

Different shore
Different flower
Different childhood
Is in me

Don't let go of your pray Until you know it will stay Kill it now, kill it then Only you two know when Your agreement is essential Can't satisfy two potential Satiate your delight Hunger is a lost fight

Show some sympathy Feel some empathy In your assault

Pull yourself in someone else's someone else's someone shoes

FLAKES ARE FALLING

Flakes are falling from my shaking hands Flesh comes down from our naked bones Expect one day our offspring will plainly see

All the stars drop down from their Hollywood

One by one these stars will drown in their reflexion

Selfish, starfish, stardom pull your guts inside out

Concieted and heavy the show must go on

while ego-voices keep screaming on their tiny screens

You're tracking that lead out knowing it's a lure

the woodfloor sounds hollow we're mining underneath

One by one these stars will drown in their reflection Selfish starfish stardom pull your guts

inside out

Turn around....

We're sawing off the branches on which we sit

We're cutting off our noses to spite our face

Flakes are falling from my shaking hands Flesh comes down from our naked bones You're tracking that lead out knowing it's a lure

the woodfloor sounds hollow we're mining underneath

SECOND THOUGHTS

Say you've checked it all again You know where all roads lead Take a left at the second roundabout Stay as solemn as you can Is there some innocence up here? Monitoring what's done and said Sequencing your underlying thougts Read copy apply

Anticipating sinisters

Sigh about all your second thoughts A thread holds you back Feeling as a ciment bag is gone Weigh the weight of the world

Second mind second thoughts seconds early seconds late second best second round

Limelight Withdrawal Hideout Drive home

Second mind second thoughts seconds early seconds late second best second round

Anticipating sinisters

WE NEED SOME AIR

We need some air
We'll be dancing with flair
You'll be back in my hair
We've got so much to share
Gliding from East to West
Your hands on my chest
Sliding from West to East
Weary to say the least

Who'll lead us there?
We're so many in despair
There's a minuscule breach
That no one's allowed to reach
Drift alongside your ridge
Your breath in my ear
Holding you holding in
Beads of sweat standing still

You get to roll the dice And time is suspended We struggle for the same Endless love embedded

It bears some solitude
If you notice it comes around

We need some air
We'll be dancing with flair
you'll be back in my hair
We've got so much to share
Gliding from East to West
Your hands on my chest
Sliding from West to East
Weary to say the least

You get to roll the dice And time is suspended We struggle for the same Endless love embedded