



NOUVEL ALBUM

Sortie : 19 septembre 2025

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MULE JENNY TAKE ENOUGH LEEWAY

Retour 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 (battereur 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 math-rock 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 contre-pied 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.

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

CONTACTS

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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

...entertainment...

It's all ugly and mean
And it's all nicely displayed
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 disappear
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
Sate 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 thoughts
Read copy apply

Anticipating sinisters

Sigh about all your second thoughts
A thread holds you back
Feeling as a cement 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
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