

# Jean-baptiste Is The Howling Wolf

Absynthe Minded

Is it the people, is it the place  
Is it this atmosphere that makes me fade  
Away in circles I lose my head  
It all is such a bore I can't accept no more

Of that bullshit them people say to me  
I am a cynic what is there left to be  
There is no future and even if there's one im weak  
A letter all complaints this is my fame

I am a wonder theres no restraint  
I paid for everything I have and by mistake  
I once got me a guitar I played it ever since  
It's no big deal it's just the feelings real

Yall got problems  
Yall are wrong  
Yall make mistakes  
And stroll behind along  
You're all frustrated  
That your life has gone wrong  
Say: what am I - I am a clown who's forcing to smile

Am I unhappy is there a reason to be  
Is there something I should have or own in there please  
Cause if there was I'd buy it guaranteed  
Theres nothing really worth it not for me

It's a chain-reaction every single day  
A simple distraction that got delayed  
There is no future in what I keep  
The never ending blame for being who I am

Yall got problems  
Yall are wrong  
Yall make mistakes  
And stroll behind along  
You're all frustrated  
That your life has gone wrong  
Sing: what am I - I am a clown who's forcing to smile