



KILLERS  
HOT FUSS

The Killers

"Everything Will Be  
Alright"

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Island

# On "Everything Will Be Alright" by The Killers

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I watched my brother murder his ex-girlfriend and her lover to this song.

Picture me, the fourth grader, sitting middle row to this particular scene. For an hour and a half I watched my brother descend from insecurity to psychopathy (or is ascend?). My hands grip the cup holders in my seat as Brandon Flowers begins to sing, "Everything Will Be Alright."

His ex opens the door to reveal him as he looks up at her. The ex's new flame turns to see who's at the door. The screen turns to black. Three gunshots are heard along with three bodies dropping to the floor.

*What was that third thumping sound?* I ask.

My brother laughs, *I killed myself*.

It was difficult to comprehend at first, but my brother is a pretty good actor. The packed Roxy theater in downtown Santa Rosa, California erupts in thunderous cheers and applause as the credits roll. I remain seated, wondering if anybody is as floored as I am. Not so much by the credits, but by what's coming out of the speakers.

*I'm coming to find you*

*If it takes me all night...*

My brother and his friends made a movie called *Incurable Love*. He played a man whose girlfriend has left him for another man. His attempts to win her back and discredit the new man prove fruitless. The entire movie is about his all-consuming journey to get back to that normalcy, if there was one in the first place.

The director has good connections and gets the movie to premiere in one of the largest theaters in the county.

It's the first time I've heard the voice of Brandon Flowers, the famed "Mr. Brightside." The theater is filled to the brim with friends, family, and cohorts. Its way past my usual bedtime. I'm only in fourth grade but I plan on bragging to all of my friends tomorrow.

I've heard my brother yell, curse, and get mad before. That part doesn't faze me. It's the stark contrasting nature of this song that has me stuck in my seat. I will admit, it takes me a moment to separate reality and fiction.

*And I won't forget you*

*At least I'll try...*

Yep, my brother, the murderer. No, wait...the actor. Yes, the actor. I've become enthralled by the voice of Brandon Flowers while everyone else mills about.

*Everything will be alright...he says lazily, everything...will be alright.* He draws out "alright" in a long, electronic tone.

How fitting.

I've met my brother's girlfriends before. There is the joy they feel when they're together, the laughs they share, and the occasional kiss on the cheek. I wonder what it would be like to feel something like that. Definitely not what my brother's character feels. That scares me, as it should.

But there are polarities in my mind. Why does Brandon Flowers sound so melancholy, yet proclaims everything will be alright? A fourth-grader shouldn't be expected to explicate this song, but I can definitely tell the difference between dreary sound and hard hitting words.

There is no such thing as iPods yet, but we have the album *Hot Fuss* on CD. When I'm alone, my CD player is my best friend. "Everything Will Be Alright" is the song I listen to the most, even if half of the song is the same line repeated over and over again.

Maybe that's the point. Hitting me in the forehead repeatedly until it becomes embedded in my brain. Life...and love. It doesn't always suck.

A year later, now a fifth grader, I begin to experience what real attraction feels like. That girl in my class that looks away whenever I turn in her direction, that smiles whenever I talk, and bats her eyes when we're together. My friends are elbowing me in the side and giggling like mad. Rumors spread, hands are held, and texts are exchanged.

I'm new to this feeling, and it feels so alien. Love.

*I wasn't shopping for a doll...*

What was I looking for? Brandon Flowers offers no clear direction. The Killers have always been a confusing band for me, even a decade and some years later. Do I kiss her? Ask her to marry me? What will Mom and Dad think? Where's the instruction manual?

But it as quickly as it comes, it's gone.

Miscommunication. Flip phone texts are unclear, rumors spread, tears are shed, and I'm back to my bed. I'm staring at the ceiling as Brandon sings like a lovesick drunk playing to a half-empty bar in the middle of nowhere. The thought of losing my mind sets off alarms in my mind. No, no, no.

*Everything will be alright...*

Listening to this song repeatedly far in advance has prepared me. It doesn't bother me as much as some people. Some people scream, throw things, get hurt, even kill.

The Killers have a knack for being out of the ordinary. Funny enough that they come from Vegas, the shining example of love. "Everything Will Be Alright" is one of those songs that throws you for a loop. The lyrics actually make sense, but the repeating drum tune and long electronic overtones stay your feet.

Kind of like love.

Their style resembles alternative and indie rock. The kind that celebrates youth but always reflects endless questions of self-discovery. When you come from sin city in the middle of a desert, I suppose you constantly wonder what is reality and what is a mirage.

Flowers' voice sometimes appears as disembodied as the electronic keys that give the song its lonely feel. You would think the point is to be scared or wary of such a foreboding sound.

Not for me. In fact, the whole song flows like a lullaby. The drummer plays the same two-step beat from start to finish, which is about the only real non-electronic instrument you can discern over the course of five and a half minutes.

*I'm dreaming 'bout those dreamy eyes*

Meanwhile, high school gets worse. I get turned down a couple of times. It stings. My anxiety turns the blame on me. A lack of confidence *kills*. Then again, high school is a roller coaster of emotion and drama, what else is new?

The rejections twist the narrative. It's no one's fault, but the feeling isn't mutual. *That's a new feeling.*

*I never knew, I never knew*

*So take your suitcase, cause I don't mind.*

For a time I wondered why I didn't get as hung up on old crushes and flames as my friends. Perhaps I have my brother and his insane character to thank for giving me a heads up of what love can do, and the places it leads. I've *screwed up* love before but madness isn't my forte.

*Wrong until you make it right...*

I never did rectify those awkward situations in high school. It was kind of a, "let's both acknowledge that something happened between us but try to not look at each other the same way" type of feeling.

The song, played after every heartbreak, calms me down. In its own twisted way it reassures me that heartbreak is inevitable, but in the end I suppose everything will be alright.