

Lou Antonucci**"The Merchant On Market Square"**

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I'm a merchant here on Market Square trying to save
my piece of the pie. Is it really right, or even fair that
my livelihood should be denied for this renaissance of
glass and steel? The city's on their side. They're
tearing down my life!

Too fast, you're movin' too fast for a simple man like
me. I worked hard half a life on the southside, just to
raise my family. My business grew so I moved uptown
here to Market Square - a life savings down. But the city
says, let's tear it down, and give it all to PPG.

Too slow, the court's too slow for a common man like
me. All my friends said stay, but the judge says 'no' -
and I thought this life was free. One by one as the shops
close down here on Market Square - I'm losing ground.
I won't give in, won't lay it down, won't give it all to PPG!

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my piece of the pie. Is it really right, or even fair that
my livelihood should be denied for this renaissance of
glass and steel? The city's on their side. They're
tearing down my life!

Ah, it's my life!

Too much it's all too much for a broken man like me. My
bank accounts lie empty, and there's a loophole in my
lease. "We'll give you thirty days, not a minute more"
here on Market Square - I gotta close my doors. It
makes no sense 'cause if I wanna eat, gotta go to work
for PPG.

I'm a merchant late of Market Square, tried to save my
piece of the pie. Was it really right, or even fair for my
livelihood to be denied for this renaissnace of glass
and steel? The city's on their side. They're tearing
down my life!

