This is the story of a man who woke up one morning with a song stuck in his head. A classic tune about feeling good, sharing the love and doing your own thing. His “thing” happened to be food. Southwestern fare, with a special appreciation for the form and function of a tortilla. He experimented with fresh ingredients and had an appropriate name for each creation. He opened a restaurant, and made it known loud and clear that no matter how many times a day he had to say it, everyone who came through the door would feel welcome. And if you stuck around long enough, you’d probably hear that song that helped make a man, a legend.

Welcome to Moe’s.

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If you would like to become part of the Team here at Moe’s Southwest Grill, in Market Square, you’re in luck! We are now hiring all positions (Cashiers, Cooks, Prep, and Management). We are seeking individuals who are energetic, outgoing and want to be part of a great team. Restaurant experience is recommended but not required. If you are interested, please call 412-224-4422 or email john@moespittsburgh.com and leave your information (name, phone number, and any other information about yourself) and you will be contacted as soon as possible. Benefits include, competitive wage starting @ $8.00 per hour and up depending on experience, health insurance, and 401K.

About Moe:

It’s pretty simple really. A guy named Moe wanted to create a place where he could combine his favorite flavors from road trips through the southwest with his favorite music from days gone by.

The Food:

Moe’s fanatical about fresh food. You eat lunch, the ingredients were prepared that morning; you eat dinner, the ingredients were prepared that afternoon — all fresh, all from scratch (we don't even own a freezer). Also, our chicken and steak are marinated and grilled, and we don't use lard or animal fat.

The Menu:

Nothing fancy, just names that made Moe laugh. Would somebody name a burrito “Joey Bag of Donuts” if they took themselves too seriously?

The Music:

Moe wanted to pay tribute to his heroes who have passed on and would never have a chance to taste his food — hence the music. A little strange? Maybe. But that's just Moe.