



Bugged – our favourite overhearings

Have you received your bear this morning?

Yes, we're rabbit-sitting. They're paying us in umbrellas and cushions.

If he emailed you to say he never wants to see you again it means he's thinking about you.

What's ephemera? Is it sexual?

His chopping technique is terrifying, I can't watch.

I heard you are moving the horses. Hope you are OK.

She's very quiet, but there's another side to her.

You're not going to f**king do that, are you?

Those f**kers in tights ate nothing but Mars bars and fags.

If he could do, he would be accusing her directly.

It's round, tubular and like a plum.

I love you because you do my ironing, Mummy.

The problem with Margaret is that she's too open.

I've taken three pork chops out, they're on top of the fridge.

All the women, follow me.

It's always quarter past eleven.

Tea was tongue sandwiches.

There's something about my face that babies just latch on to.

Why is it always the green ones?

Wouldn't it be great if a bag of prawns could send you a text to warn you it was going out of date?

She's always had a thing about knives.

Yeah, I don't want to carry it now and have the responsibility

I didn't expect someone like her to have shoes like that.

And as soon as I heard Michael Jackson was dead, I thought 'Like f**k am I keeping that suitcase now.'

Why is it called a forehead when I'm not even four?

The first thing I remember is I woke up... in a field with a blanket on me...

Where's my pen gone?

And the turbot was preposterous!

If you stick it in and jiggle it a little it will work.

Armed robbery? Little monkey!

Would Can-Can girls, Butterflies, Mermaids, Black Friesians and Fire please report to the back of the stage?

I still think the best solution is to dangle him upside down from a tree by his ankles.

Call that tea? It ain't even got a bag round it.

I've been having problems with my dongle.

You're not one of my daddies are you?

First I sang by myself... next I'm going to sing in a supermarket.

When it was over I didn't wash for six months afterwards, I lived in a toilet and drank alcohol.

I've been pregnant before, it was no big deal.

It was you and your yuk sung was it?

She simply revelled in men's trousers.

I learned ping-pong on the streets. You either got good or you died.

He's just a two-bit wanker.

Those northern girls with the big tits and tattoos...

If Iraq had potatoes, do you think they'd have invaded?

Oh yes, we have Paul McKenna in the bathroom.

I'd already had a tattoo by 11.00 this morning.

'Apparently he's cheating on his wife.' 'Yeah, but which one?'

He's doing my head in with that patio.

Do you know what you're doing, sausage-wise?

I can't make a very big cake with that! I need a bigger chicken!

All the cuddles in the world won't fix that, sweetheart.

I sold that organ for £50.

So I texted her and said 'Right, you cow. You're in it now. Your dad's going f**king nuts.'

In my other life as the captain of a ship...

To be fair, he's got to shave his toe or I'll refuse to walk with him.

I NEVER buy red shoes.

So when would you like these Estonians delivered?

Has anyone seen my pink folder from prison with all my early release papers inside?

His eyes are huge but he'll grow round them.

And how did it feel when he came out of your ear?

Maybe you should shut the hole beneath your nose.

I don't mind bum to bum but not boob to boob.

I have a cool box that used to belong to the Bay City Rollers.

If she was pregnant, she could piss in your hat.

She's started putting bananas in the freezer.

When I am a big boy, I will reach balloons.

...threatened with a hammer. And they didn't even take anything!

Who sends a picture like that to a paper? Showing her brown and everything... Just because we went to school together 40 years ago, she thinks we're long lost friends.

She was a lesbian for a while, when she was living in the shed.

If she wishes for a gang tattoo then she shall have a gang tattoo.

Just text her and tell her she's grounded till she's eighteen.

She's thirty....old, anyway.

Oh, THAT bag of weed!

Have you ever weighed your own head?

There are no bears in MY garden.

....and it would have been alright, only she's from Keighley!

They're the same length, but they're wider by about a foot.

You can't kill them. The worst you can do is hurt them. So jab it in.

'And then of course, there's my arm.' 'Oh yes, I'd forgotten about your arm.'